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said I; "after eleven comes twelve, then thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen, which is as far as I want you to go, as it is only a quarter of a minute glass that I am trying." He began again, and again, but never could get beyond eleven. Count then to ten, said I, and then begin at one, and count up again: this I could not get the idiot to do, he could not comprehend it, and all that I could get from him was, "that he once, in Scotland, got a little learning, but that he had forgot it all again; he did not know how it was, but so it was, that he had forgot it all again." Incredible as this may appear, every person on the island can vouch for it, and I was obliged to get another person to count the vibrations. This man is a Lascar, but has been, since his youth, in England."

At length, the number of settlers being reduced to six, of whom three were ill, and one lame, Mr. Beaver was obliged to yield to their determination to quit the island, after the block-house had been constructed, and nearly fifteen acres of ground were cleared and enclosed.

The obstacles and the unforeseen difficulties which he had to encounter in his attempt to accomplish the plan of colonization, would have broke a spirit less enthusiastic, or less devoted to its object; but his ardour rose with opposing circumstances, and his mind was so fruitful in expedients, that he had almost always a remedy at hand as soon as an

evil presented itself: all that a single human being could accomplish in his situation was done. After having, by his valour and fortitude as the Governor of the colony, endeared himself to the few remaining inhabitants, having buried sixty of his companions with his own hands; like Charles at Bender, he refused to quit his post until the last extremity; which measure he at length adopted, after a contest of two years, with the sorrows and discontents of the colonists, the attacks of the savages, and the deadly malignity of the climate.

On his departure from Bulama, he makes the following Memorandum.

"Friday, November 29th, 1793. I must confess that in going out of the harbour I feel a great reluctance at being obliged to abandon a spot which I have certainly very much improved; and to see all my exertions, my cares and anxieties for the success of this infant colony, entirely thrown away. But, at the same time, I do feel an honest consciousness, that every thing that could be reasonably expected from me, has been done, to secure, though without success, its establishment."

Mr. Beaver arrived at Sierra Leone with a single companion of his misfortunes, with whom he embarked for England, and arrived at Plymouth on the 17th of May, 1794, after an absence of little more than two years.

(To be continued.)

DETACHED ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

GARRICK'S DIRECTIONS TO PREACHERS.

WHEN Dr. Stonehouse, who was one of the most correct and eloquent preachers in the kingdom,

first entered into orders, he procured by his acquaintance with Garrick, some valuable instructions in elocution. Being once engaged to read

prayers and to preach in a church in London, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with him. After the service, the British Roscius asked the Doctor what particular business he had to do when the duty was over? "None," said the Doctor. "I thought you had," replied Garrick, "on seeing you enter the reading-desk in such a hurry. Nothing," added he, "can be more indecent, than to see a clergyman set about sacred business, as if he were a tradesman, and to go into the church, as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible." He next asked the Doctor, "What books he had on the desk before him?" "Only the Bible and prayer-book." "Only the Bible and prayer-book," replied Garrick, "why you tossed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves as carelessly, as if they were those of a day-book and ledger." The Doctor was wise enough to see the force of these observations, and in future he avoided the faults they were designed to reprove.

MODESTY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

Sir Isaac Newton said a little before his death, "I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy, playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself, in now and then finding a smother pebble, or a prettier shell, than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

TULIP MANIA.

In the years 1634-5-6 and 7, during which the Dutch carried on their extravagant trade in Tulips, the people of all sorts, from the greatest to the meanest, neglected all manner of business and manufacture, and sold their utensils, &c. to engage in the tulip trade. Accordingly, in those days,

The Viceroy sold for.....	£250
Admiral Liefkies.....	440
Admiral Van Eyk.....	160
Grebber.....	148
Schilder.....	160
Semper Augustus.....	550

In 1637, a collection of tulips of Wouter Brockholmsen, was sold by his executors for £9000.

A fine Spanish cabinet, valued at £1000, and £300 besides, were given for a Semper Augustus. Another gentleman sold three Semper Augustuses for £1000 each.

The same gentleman was offered for his flower-garden, £1500 a year, for seven years, and every thing to be left as found, only reserving the increase during that time for the money.

One gentleman got in the space of four months £6000.

April, 1637, by an order of the State, a great check was put to the tulip trade by invalidating their contracts; so that a root was then sold for £.5, which a few weeks before sold for £500.

It is related by a curious gentleman, that he had remarked that in one city in Holland, in the space of three years, they had traded for a million sterling in tulips.

TULIPOMANIA.

The name given to a kind of gambling traffic in Tulip roots, which prevailed in Holland and the Netherlands, during part of the seventeenth century. It was carried on to such an enormous extent, that one root has been sold for 4000 florins, together with a new carriage, two grey horses, and complete harness. The tulips, however, were seldom delivered. A nobleman bespoke of a merchant a tulip root, to be delivered in six months, at the price of 1000 florins. During these six months, the price of that species of tulip must have risen or fallen, or

remained as it was. But, instead of demanding his tulip then, he paid or received the difference of price. This singular species of gambling could, from its nature, only go to limited extent. The value of tulip roots began to fall. The sellers

were then anxious to deliver the roots *in natura*, but the buyers would not receive them. The consequence was, that tulips very speedily fell to their intrinsic value, and the gambling was at an end.

[*Encyclopædia Perthensis.*]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "PADDY'S SHAKE OF THE HAND," IN THE MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

TRUE, Paddy is generous, candid, and kind;
His hand he extends, nor withholds he his heart;
The seeds of each virtue are sown in his mind,
And with life, before honour, he'd willingly part;
Affection's warm throb ever hallows his breast,
Unsuspecting his nature, and fearless of wrong;
With feeling, good sense, and humanity bless'd,
His heart it is valiant, his arm it is strong.

To paint him, by Nature, thus lib'rally grac'd,
How pleasing the task to the fond partial muse;
But alas! if the colouring to truth would be chaste,
Some blots o'er the portrait she now must diffuse:

Pat's hand it is open, his heart it is free,
A stranger, a foreigner, both may command;
But, Oh! to a brother, should creeds disagree,
Hard, hard, is that heart, and fast elench'd is that hand!

Oh, Bigotry! cold-blooded fiend of the earth,
Engender'd by ignorance, nurtur'd by pride,

But for thee, and the ills to which thou giv'st birth,
Our country might yet stem oppression's high tide:

Alas! how defaced both in worth and in name!
A cipher she stands in the eyes of mankind;
While Britain bestrides the whole earth with her fame,
Poor Erin, o'erwhelm'd, not a footing can find!

Oh, Orangemen! Oh, Greenmen! of this pleasant isle,
What blessings were yours, would ye bliss understand;

Let brotherly love in your bosoms but smile,
Let prejudice die, give each other your hand—

No blot on your portrait the muse then shall view,
Magnanimous, noble, the pride of her song;

No tyrant shall browbeat, no foe shall subdue,
While your hearts remain valiant, your arms remain strong.

MAMMALIA.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

If the following lines should meet your approbation, I would be under an obligation to you to insert them. R. DUFFY was a very intimate acquaintance of mine, and a man who was truly great, but, alas! too like myself, poor. Too often are all the good parts passed over of a poor man,